

hey, i could get thirty days off
for reading while on duty
but for trying to blow the place up
they just yell at you.

i said, "Yes Mr. Sutton, I can read the sign."

-- Paul Stroberg

Lombard IL

Note: In WR:93, the printer masked off the endings
of four lines and the title of the following poem.
It is printed below in an unmutilated state.

I'LL NOT COP OUT ON RHODODENDRONS THIS TIME

Much less on asphodels. What in shit have
flowers to do with any of it? Not that you

Came upon the scene empty-handed. Nor that
you were even quite naked. Flowers & flowers

& flowers. Suppose that had been the way
it was, though it wasn't. Naked you surely

Were not. Your agility in heavy mail would
well put a jackrabbit to shame. If you don't

See I am not Joyce Carol Oates folding up
the sun in an omelette -- then you will not

See what all the breaking of all the eggs
has been about. Fuck you.

GOD AND THE DEVIL. WHY

Should we project our goodness
upon an external entity? Why

Should we project our badness
upon an external entity? That

This is our nature is not
a useful answer -- nor very interesting.